To kiſſe her buriall ; ſhould I goe to Church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Veſſels ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enroabe the roaring water with my ſilkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lacke the thought
That ſuch a thing bechanc'd vvould make me ſad ?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke upon his merchandize.
Anth. Beleeve me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeare :
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.
Sala. Why then you are in love. *Anth.* Fie, fie.
Sal. Not in love neither : then let us ſay you are ſad
Becauſe you are not merry ; and twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellowes in her time :
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a Pagpiper.
And other of ſuch Vineger aſpect,
That they'l not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſweare the jeſt be laughable.

Enter *Baſſanio*, *Lorenſo*, and *Gratiano*.

Sala. Here comes *Baſſanio* your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenſo*. Fare ye well,
We leave you now vvith better company.
Salan. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your worth is very deare in my regard.
I take it your owne buſineſſe calls on you,
And you embrace th'occaſion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow my good Lords.

Baſſ. Good ſigniors both,
You grow exceeding ſtrange
Sal. Weele make our leyſ

Lor. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſ
We two will leave you, but
I pray you have in minde vvh
Baſſ. I vvill not faile you
Gra. You looke not vvel
You have too much reſpect u
They looſe it that doe buy it
Beleeve me you are mervello
Ant. I hold the vvorld b
A ſtage, vvhere every man m
And mine a ſad one.
Grat. Let me play the foo
With mirth and laughter let
And let my liver rather heate
Then my heart coole vvith
Why ſhould a man whoſe bl
Sit like his Grandſire, cut in
Sleepe when he vvakes ? an
By being peeviſh ? I tell th
I love thee, and tis my love t
There are a ſort of men who
Doe creame and mantle like
And doe a wilfull ſtilneſſe e
With purpoſe to be dreſt in
Of vviſdome, gravitie, prof
As who ſhould ſay, I am ſir
And when I ope my lips, let
O my *Anthonio* I doe knov
That therefore onely are rep
For ſaying nothing ; when
If they ſhould ſpeake, woul
Which hearing them would
Ile tell thee more of this an
But fiſh not with this melan

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch